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YUGEN

Editor: LeRoi Jones

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Einführung (for this time)

"We the kinda cats like to turn Hegel
upsidedown just to see the pennies
fall out!"

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"PUTDOWN OF THE WHORE OF BABYLON"

(a Lamantia title)

To give The National Book Award to Robert Lowell is a simple & representative methodology. A fixture. It is not literary: or, to get at it from another way, it is *merely* literary. "Life Studies" is a good book. And yes, there were better books of poetry in 1959. But "Life Studies" can be accepted as "what is going on, &c." I.e., Robert Lowell is a more than "competent" poet. A serious and accomplished *younger* (the way we use that) poet. And yes, there are better ynger (& not so ynger) poets. I mean, let me propose that Olson, Creeley and Duncan are better. (A loose chronology, tho.) Let me also propose that there is another, even ynger segment, whose work is also Superior (from "On Yr Mark". Intent. I.e., in what it, the work, *intends*. And the actual writing) to Lowell's. I.e., Ginsberg, O'Hara, Dorn, McClure, and some others. And I still mean to say Lowell is the best of a bunch. Another bunch.

But in giving The Pulitzer Prize for poetry to W.D. Snodgrass, it becomes viciously apparent that the methodology, the fixture, the cookie tournament, is one (if we squint in hopeless paranoia at all the phenomena of our lives) of actual *filth*.

To begin with *A.*, Robert Lowell is certainly a better poet than W.D. Snodgrass. A much more *honest* man. "Life Studies" is the champ of that league (the cookie people/ & better'n that). A better book than "Heart's Needle". It is (L.S.) a terribly impressive voice out of all those stacks of dead tomes (that form official USKulchur). & Because of this. This impressiveness. The N.B.A. was easy to accept (& with only a slight, say, grimace of ironic prehension). But if the prize is to be *Only* a gift. I.e., "he got *one* . . . let's give ol' Snod the other". It, this "fixture", becomes more than just another example of the simplemindedness &/or immaturity of the official literary hierarchy. It is suddenly an ugly dishonesty, horribly obscene, that shd scare the hell out of anyone unfortunate enough not to be in on it. An ugliness that screams at us to injure it. (If we would call *honesty* a substance we *must* have in our lives. If we are *anything*.)

But it is virtually impossible to *injure* it. It will abide/as long as there is at least one liar in a high place.

"... the darkness surrounds us,"

& nothing has *ever* given us any reason to believe that anything else will ever be the case.

" what
can we do against
it,"

The one aim of his life, Porphyry said, "was to rise to God and become one with Him." Plotinus: "The soul is unlit without that experience. Lit thereby, it possesses that which is sought. This is the true goal set before the soul, to attain that light, to perceive God in His own radiance and not by any other light . . . *Let all else go!*" (That bugged Augustine. The West wall.) A defense???

There ain't none.

"... or else, shall we &
why not, buy a goddamn big car,"

I went to see John Coltrane last night and came back trembling.

"drive, he sd, for
christ's sake, look
out where yr going."

JONES

LIFE STUDIES by Robert Lowell:

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3.50

HEART'S NEEDLE by W. D. Snodgrass

Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.75

Reading these books I was reminded of the old academic arguments I used to have when I was a younger man, arguments which can be phrased something like: "If a poem is written in an outworn form, if the content takes shape in a ready-made receptacle — and if that poem be perfectly executed — is it valid for the poet to present it as a 'work of art'?" A number of years and poem have got in between that old phraseology and the present and I don't remember when it was that I forgot it, or at any rate, no longer thought about it: that half arrogant, half sentimental old argument re: aesthetics that we got stoned over, shouted ourselves hoarse over, and thought that we were pretty damned bright, serious. Not that I want to lay the "maturity" business on you; what I drive upon is that at some time between then and now this argument ceased to have meaning, for me. It was no longer pertinent. It is the kind of argument that people who are not involved in writing revel in. Not pertinent, but you can sound like someone out of *Point Counter Point*.

Lowell and Snodgrass. I imagine them having this argument with themselves as they wrote these poems. The books are sad and hopeful at the same time, the hope lying in the fact that they, for sure, have ended the deluge of naive sophistication, or sophisticated naivete given

its momentum by Auden. After the Snodgrass book no more can be done along this line. Praise God. I thought at one time that Empson had taken the old horse to the edge of the pasture, but Snodgrass has broken down the final fence and walked out into the woods beyond. Lowell, well, that is something else again. The man with the perfect ear for closed verse has opened his line and written — prose. Too bad.

*his illegal home-made claret
was as sugary as grape jelly
in a tumbler capped with paraffin.*

This Sandburgian bathos: from the man who wrote *Lord Weary's Castle*. It's as if Lowell had suddenly looked around him and saw where on earth he stood, opened the end of his line — and fell off into the cold spaces surrounding. Because to kick out the iambic fence that safely closes the line in, one should have compass without: Pound and Williams, at the very least. What Lowell gives us here is free verse. But good, in that Lowell has done it, writes lines as hopeless as the above and lets it go through. Why not? Everybody gets started sometime. Olson impinging on Lowell and that morocco-covered world of his: who can tell what would occur?

Snodgrass, on the other hand: the left hand. This stuff is the epitome of the "I" divorced from all things, the cute "public" poetry of an American MacNiece, for all the self-humbling attitude, etc., etc., snobbism of the most pathetic sort, a kind of pride in the deadly middle class out of which all these attitudes come. They have certainly found their poet, all the trappings are there, the midwestern chair and pencil and paper, the half-bitter complaints that he is a poet and not a businessman, as if that still had pertinence, today. That someone can mock his own vocation because of the "neighbors", etc. etc. I AM A POET, the works, the whole compulsive attitude of writing poems against the group that will fold *Heart's Needle* to its bosom. The whole damn tone is wrong, wrong, self-conscious attitudinizing via Auden of *September 1, 1939*: "I am the only one who can feel the world giving way beneath my feet, while you drink and carouse, with nary a thought for the morrow, I (THE POET) can see how pathetic we all are". This is the tone of the book, expressed perfectly in *Home Town*:

*I go out like a ghost,
nights, to walk the streets
I walked fifteen years younger—
seeking my old defeats,
devoured by the old hunger . . .*

Lazy and banal. The whole book, technically perfect in that classroom sense, like you can give the poems marks, A, B plus, C

minus, etc., the whole book like this, and none of it mattering in the least. They are to *Sour Grapes* and *Cantos I-XXX*, and all the work between, what Abbott and Costello are to the Marx Bros. of *Duck Soup*, *A Night At The Opera*: a vague gesture in the general direction of that excellence, but only vague. Like Snodgrass *did* hear of WCW. And is his parodist, certainly, wife, child, garden, and the rest, but with what a difference, WHAT a difference. He's taken it out as far as it can get without its becoming ludicrous, and I'm not sure even of that,

Observe the cautious toadstools

there have been worse lines written, I guess.

So. What have we got? We have a man who has broken out of what he knows how to do into a conception of verse which Eberhart did better 20 years ago. And another, much younger man, writing carefully balanced caricatures of Auden and Spender and MacNiece, picking up the one thing that Williams does which no one but Williams can use. The private man in his backyard, etc. We get into Delmore Schwartz a little, see:

*Up the reputable walks of old established trees
They stalk, children of the nouveaux riches; chimes
Of the tall clock tower drench their heads in blessing.*

God! That corny kind of bitter pose: "reputable" walks, "established" trees, etc. Who cares, except those who are convinced that these things are unique to a poet. They are old, old, any rotten movie tells you more about this area than Snodgrass. I'd like to care but I'm afraid that this kind of stance is something that left me with my leaving of college, or thereabouts.

What is worst, is that both of these men indicate no attempt to get hold of the validities of American poetry, as defined by Pound, Williams, Olson, and the others. Hart Crane could have told them all that they are still bitter about, and even Eliot was more American than they are. They stand in the middle class, they are concerned with the car in the driveway, they are wild over the fact that their parents were not "accepted", or slightly futile. Out of it they make what is at best a footnote to Scott Fitzgerald and the early O'Hara.

Well, let's hope that Lowell will make it, he's still young. And let's hope that Snodgrass will get to the point, in the next ten years, at which Lowell now stands. It's all really a hell of a waste.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

SUMMER NIGHTMUSIC

1.

blue-green in twilight, with the moon
comes the sea-bird now,
springing from the middle of the river to

enlist & arm responses; & downstream to sea-mist, through
responsive word-spun shallows, moves / the moon-bird, mobilised. how
it seeks by clinging / on the outside of the river, to
keep / clear of the grasping middle, note / now,
hearing it sing

"soon gone, all birds;
"not recognised until by recollection,
"then mummified in words."

2.

which having heard,
the wind & the river / conferred;
& the water & weather,
coming together,
said

"moon-grown / overhead, the birds
"blown motionless above the blue-green sea, are
"by sight, seen latticed through the words

"in flight. the grass-grown birds,
"blown motionless above the blue-green sea, are
"clustered / like a moon that waits for words."

3.

watch the moon that flings dumb birds
across the sky at night
foster recollection,

& the green grass carry the song the birds sing
brightly / underneath the moon, as thoughts, blown
room-grown into recollection, can

while the intertwining strands
grasp / tightly their connexion,
& the moon glows singly, like silence from a pair of hands.

8

4.

now the solitary moon-bird's
sudden sea-prone wings
skim the grasping middle of the river as it sings

"alone / the stalks of sea-grass hang / parted by quiet, as
"water & weather (how the wind & the river, coming together, sang)
were parted by sound, echoing moon-blown on the foam-damp
ground,
"shaking recollection / like a sound shakes idle hands.

"aground in silence where the sands / pass
"back & forth, erasing mountains, can
"the moon / sow back the night, to find protection?

"its black inside the white
"afterglow of night / entails detection;
"but planted, would it germinate, expand?

5.

"intimations glimmer / wave-like on the day-bright sand,
play back / & forth, across the line from / recollection to
projection.

"restive in the middle of the river, I look for swarms of birds
writing words down / on the line projected onto recollection
as if from verse (which is a woman) onto man;

"& grasping, I design. words pass, responsively to mountains, just / as
to the night-wind, is the intertwining sea-grass.

"words / turn, will the planted moon-bloom grow, seeded with / the
mountain-grass?

"if birds still fly / above the water; if the stone-cold sand
turns warm, & the thicket flowers into speech,

"then, renewed, the clustered night will reach the sky in all directions,

6.

"& be / blown back
"to wait with
"the cricket,

"who sings, welcoming the black
"face of moon, responsive with new laughter
"in the word-blown thicket, —

9

"— if the moon-warmed sand will bloom;
"if the bloom-boned bird, singing in the room
"will plant the moon-stoned sound,
"& if it be / blown back,
"singing like the moon sings, to the cricket,
"waiting;)
 then the bird-blown thicket
"will have flowered like a plan
 (if, blown back,
"singing comes the sea-bird."

THIS IS HOW THE WIND SINGS, LOVER, ON THE BEACH

beloved,
I cd never / be the sky
but I / cd be the weather

on top of the waves
on top of the water, lover
come dance with me, & draw
me, lover, together

 and the eyes of all the other / dancers
 follow us,
 and the arms of all the other swimmers
 swim to us

A QUARREL OF MINSTRELS

I think, as the first rain of the season falls
down soft on the street, & the silence grows thin
in the rooms of my friends, & in mine,

how the underbelly of kindness
gives in to fear like a man's skin
gives in to the shove of a shiv, so

quiet, & so quick; whose skin
gives in right away to fear, which makes love
collapse in a corner

like a partner who's poked a hot shot, or shatter
like a spinster might shatter a plate.
& it is late; & the silence is damp;

& now the silence will end,
in the rooms of my friends, & in mine.
now the talk will begin,

& the air will rush into our rooms, from outside;
& it will expand, puffed up by the heat of our separate prides,
comparing each other in speech, & rise

& grow
over our heads.

WATER

only the water is strictly just,
for it storms on the face of the water, only;
the deep of the water is stormless.

in the deep of the water, submerged
in its breathless nod, we waken.

the ocean, that thickens our movements
with sense, draws us down to the floor to dance,
humming her terrible senseless songs.

SONG

in the forest of great delight,
do not the spring of the bough, & the leaf,
shaken, exhibit the Thou entire?

they do: entire & instinct, the song
of the bough & the leaf springs
into the long dimension of night.

but we inhabit the forest of fright,
 where song is a fang, sinking,
 & song is a friend, stinging again,
 & the song to be sung is a snarling thread
 until singing. then song is dry land in the flood
 that ripples inside of the head;
 & song is like thread
 in the blood.

POEM

the white is for inaccessibility in light.
 the red is not for blood. red birds flutter
 in the bare tree that reason the turnings
 of the light or the dark.
 the black is for inaccessibility in dark.
 watchers,
 the birds fly away when you cut the tree down.

BRUCE BOYD

THE NEW WORLD¹

We describe our time as one in which relationships, rather than the hierarchies to which these might refer, are dominant. What is meant by politics, marriage, education, religion, or love itself, become modalities, terms between, people, the *you* and *me* of the subjective universe. If it is not *my* hat, then possibly it is *yours*; or if not yours, *his*, or *hers*—or *theirs*, a collective enterprise, yet one (as religion or philosophy, at present) given meaning by a *possessional* insistence. The hat itself is an occasion.

It is clear that poetry will reflect this sense of emphasis, and, if the given instance be sensitive, it will succeed in forcing a passage between individual sensibility and shared commitments (to live, to endure, and the like). Poems themselves are peculiarly suited to the present environment, because they are basically relational. In this way Charles Olson defines "A poem [as] energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader . . ." The poem is not a sign-board, pointing to a content ultimately to be regarded; but is, on the contrary, a form inhabited by intelligence and feeling. It is the way a poem speaks, not the matter, that proves its effect, and although this is an old insistence, it is one hard at times to remember when a great variety of desperations want a solution, a content capable of relief.

Gary Snyder's first book, *Riprap*, calls for a ground-sense of place, a world of substantial place, even primeval. Its manner is quiet, low-keyed like they say, with much solidity and peace—and that is a pleasure, offered as it is by a working intelligence and care:

No paradise, no fall,
 Only the weathering land,
 The wheeling sky,
 Man, with his Satan
 Scouring the chaos of the mind.
 Oh Hell!

So that if we cannot escape, at least we can know, as Stendhal:

The pleasure brought by the cessation of pain consists:

1. In conquering all the successive obstacles that one erects for one's self.
2. In visualizing all the advantages of which one was about to be deprived.

From specific images of work-lines, farm-houses, intensities of physical life, the poem may come to:

Thinking about a poem I'll never write.
With gut on wood and hide, a plucking thumb,
Grope and stutter for the words, invent a tune,
In any tongue, this moment one time true
Be wine or blood or rhythm drives it through—
A leap of words to things and there it stops.

But if it does *not* stop—if there the relation shatters, or, rather, shivers, oscillates, flips back and forth in an ecstasy of qualification. Ah well. It is again only an old enough irresolution—"no ideas but in things"—*things*? What are things but ideas, until we bump our heads finally, and that's an end to it:

Allowing such distinctions to the mind:
A formal garden made by fire and time.

Arrived at such peace, then, all the landscape changes, and men walk quietly, enhanced by their relationships, defined by them, as women also. It is a beautiful and painstaking world which Snyder wants to live in, has by his poems made to live in—a successful relation of hope.

* * *

But the fires burn elsewhere, in other characters, and "No man can purify another".

Evil is done by the self alone, by the self alone
is evil left undone, by self alone is one purified.
Purity and impurity depend on one's own self.

(*Dhammapada*)

Perhaps the present attraction of the *Dhammapada*, or other Buddhist texts, is just this emphasis—that the self is a self-isolated event, yet one which must find relationships. When contact is broken, becomes the touch of the mind, then hell becomes particular, and not at all a place where bad people go, etc. When the imagination projects for itself a world more real than that which it literally experiences, this is hell, a forfeit, as Dante said, of the goods of the intellect. Because such 'goods' are relational, *joiners*, describe a method of being-with, otherwise impossible.

The self grown huge is a common aspect of the Romantic, but it might be remembered that its size is one of *sensation*, of what is felt, and is not otherwise of magnitude. The danger inherent is what Lawrence called *sensationalism*, i.e., the repetition of a known sensation is sensationalism. This is what happens when all qualification exists as a method of feeling rather than as a posited consequence of actions.

Michael McClure describes the hair-edge of feeling *qua* sensation and feeling *qua* effect:

The poem

is confusion. Love, Sex, Death, are within
us and we give them many names. Naming only

the heads, when the bodies are wound, woven
together. Making

the parts of us abstractions, Knees unreal
their qualities are vagaries

It is McClure's virtue as a poet, that he gives to his language a space, a flux in language, held by a structure of *words*—not a program of predetermined measures, either metrical or ideological. It is, in this way, as much his risk, in writing, as it is ours, in reading—to undertake a composition.

McClure, reading aloud, speaks flatly, without color, so that the words fall into relationships which they themselves, almost alone, seem to determine. In the poems capitalization is used for divers lines as a point of enlargement, a center and/or focus for the movement. Like this:

Sleepwalkers . . . Ghosts! Voices
like bodies coming through the mists of sleep,
we float about each other —

bare feet not touching the floor.
Talking in our lovers' voice
NAMING THE OBJECTS OF LOVE . . .

The movement of the poems makes clear an insistent disattachment, or better, a recognition of distance qualified as separation, perhaps forever. There is a vacuum all but unentered by purpose, form, consequence—wherein events relay between a shifting possibility of relation, to come to:

I am sure of my movements I am a bulk
in the air.

* * *

This center of *self* (rather than 'we' or 'they') has become a mark of the new poetry, to my own mind not unreasonably since it depends on real crises in real homes. It is very hard to make one's self understood, most of all by another—sadly, truly, etc. If culture now derives from mass orientation—and it seems that it does—kitchens and bedrooms and ultimately bathrooms house, god knows, the shaken egos of our time. Poetry, beginning with the protest of the thirties (a self-centered evaluation), moving through the chaos of the forties, loss of meaning and the huge arrival of apparently non-human activity (the atom, then hydrogen and cobalt, bombs, and too, such devices as the blowing-up of an air-liner to kill a mother-in-law, i.e., the new potential seen as property of the individual, also) comes through the fifties finding a language in a common hysteria, a nervously singular presence of mind, in which feelings are dominant as they are felt, are registered as static blurring the voice of ordinary explanation, which says that everything is all right (when it is patently not all right). At times it will, as parody, take on, in grotesque approximations, the 'walk, don't run' character of current political and social jargon. Death, love, hope, and other qualities of attitude, will appear then as crudely erected statues in vacant lots, i.e., vacant states of mind aroused by a scarecrow of desire. From all this, this vacant density, appear to come many crowded voices—as if each 'I' wanted to believe it was to be, in some miraculous way, taken away from all this, and was to wake up to a warm familiar bed, in which its place was assured.

In this situation the intelligence becomes primary, is itself the contact with the real. But being so used, it is almost necessarily suspect, and so must be itself examined—as a possible last ditch of the deception suspected. *Self-Portrait, From Another Direction* is an instance of "Philip Whalen," a series of mentally approximate images of this man's activity. One day it may be, as Norbert Wiener suggests, "that one might conceivably travel by telegraph, in addition to traveling by train or airplane." States of mind seem to show relay points in the complex which, admittedly with an overweight of emphasis, we call *self*. Whalen is not engaged in vindicating, nor in revealing, himself, but in thinking himself: "I think what is thinking . . ." He presents, then, all the dilemma, and all the gain, of a man wandering around in a battle area with the constant question, *what's happening*:

Now it is here.
Now it is falling.
Now it is there.

which we agree upon . . .

What comes next?

. . .

Any word you see here defies all fear doubt destruction
[ignorance & hatefulness
All the impossibilities unfavorable chance or luck . . .

Whalen's formal invention develops as the range of his intelligence increases, not wisdom-wise but methodologically, to contain those relationships overtly, which mentality in itself seems to involve. It is hard to suggest, much more to say, where such an emphasis may lead. Yet the areas of consciousness which are related (as in Whalen's poem) by such attention are argument enough. Conditions of thought are now too volatile, too open to a variety of persuasion, not to be examined; and Whalen makes a good light-house.

* * *

In *The Human Use Of Human Beings* (quoted previously) Norbert Wiener says also: "the individuality of the body is that of a flame rather than of a stone, of a form rather than of a bit of substance." The human entity, person or self, depends on its environment as a context for its reality. Such proves the modulation of its own reality, felt more than known or determined. What is so new about this—except that time has entered space, and place itself is insubstantial. So both poems and men rely upon an act of thought.

It is hard to live, yet by use of the resources given, and responsible consciousness, one may find a sudden reassurance—as Loewinsohn's:

The thing made real by
a sudden twist of the mind:
relate the darkness to a face
rather than
impose a face on the darkness
which has no face, in reality.

Ron Loewinsohn knows the common institutions of marriage, working, and friends, and in that way his poems are common too. The intelligence is, however, very specific, again an instance of *self* determination and need.

The stillness of the poem
 a moment full of silence &
 portent, like
 the sudden halt of great machines.
 Silence that becomes a fabric
 to clothe the consciousness . . .

What do we want from it? I don't know, but think that the poem is a form, derives its nature from the language of which it is made, is "charged" by the emotion(s) of its writer. But into that then comes the great modality of the occasion, the where and when—on some time-screen with blurred and shadowy presences. A man cannot live without the use of his intelligence. There may be, now, no common union except in the attempt to survive that intelligence, the risk of all writing or thought. Snyder, McClure, Whalen, and Loewinsohn each make their own form *qua* poem, and the world whereto these relate comes after, or at the same time:

. . . A small room
 without windows & only one door;
 its accoustics make even laughter dissonant.
 Every ocean, orchard, city, speech,
 sin, book & body I've ever known
 lie scattered all over the place.

(Loewinsohn)

1. Gary Snyder, *Riprap*, n.p. Ashland, Mass.: Origin Press, 1959. Michael McClure, *Hymns to St. Geryon and Other Poems*, \$1.50. San Francisco: Auerhahn Press, 1959. Philip Whalen, *Self-Portrait, In Another Direction*, n.p. San Francisco: Auerhahn Press, 1959. Ron Loewinsohn, *Watermelons*, \$1.00. New York: Totem Press, 1959.

ROBERT CREELEY



OFFICES OF PARHUDNEE REVIEW

GUINEVERE, OR THE DEATH OF THE KANGAROO

"I don't think he's very nice,
shooting dumb animals and taking
off girls' clothes."

JANICE ELWOOD

(Scene: a street, a plaza)

GUINEVERE. O solids!

GIRAFFE (moving along the sidewalk). Yes, and, you know,
last evening there were junctures of drunken breath's
dear pink flowers on my lariat. He put around me. They
said, "Denmark and the vitrines! nameless one!"

WEISSER ELEFANT (crossing the street toward the GIRAFFE at
right angles). I remember.

GUINEVERE (sings). With soles on her shoes,
She takes the gyroscope
Between her fingers,
And, quietly, it spins.

KANGAROO (waiting at point where the paths of the GIRAFFE
and WEISSER ELEFANT cross). The. O the the. The. I
gave the pillow a cussing sandwich. America said, "A
tree." The manager lay dead. Cuff links.

GIRAFFE (pausing). Listen, darlings, don't be so sassy.
Do you remember when Chicago was only finger-tips?

ALL (sing). Though circumstances may collect our iced man!

MAN (who enters). Unpin these benches that you may descry
The leaf's beneath them. Lovers know my voice
As that which is or was most at the docks
Before they stopped shipping roses to say
"vivre,"
O macadam. A child sicklier than restaurant
Waits for the marrying blue of a stiff morning.
We seem to go to run about in a stiff roustabout,
Cuter is the pear of string. Common last touch
Is to die at the nest. Roommate, charm bracelet,
Oh I swear, this is Mexico City.

CHIEFTAIN. He is falling toward me like the charm bracelet
I saw laughing out of the window. At this minute
a giraffe
Knows the cow who is offering night my atlas.

The wind, curving from Chinese charm bracelet
To charm bracelet, seems to counsel me, "Dollars,
Feenamint, dollars, gunsmoke." After one night
With Dolores, I visited the Huguenot people.

CAPTAIN. Anchors aweigh!

(The plaza, with all its occupants, floats away; VENUS
rises from the waves)

VENUS. Listen. Listen to the bouquet.
Baby, that placing powder in the pistols,
Married, and, placing pistols in the bouquet,
Left me to be long ago at this moment,
Lively, the goddess, a headache. A market
Of fleas!

(It is Paris! a place. VENUS disappears)

FIRST FLEA. Let go of my left elbow.

SECOND FLEA. That's your pot belly!

A PINK GIRL. I chanced to find these two
Arguing. There were sadly smoke,
Giant cow-guns, shoguns; and, it appears,
A glass page blonder as a neck of blue jeers.

GIRAFFE & VENUS (entering together). Aren't we a stray couple
From No Land? Oh when
Will catching diseases fly in our
plane?

PILOT. Never! Take everyone a box.

(He passes out little boxes, which, when they are opened,
reveal white pieces of paper)

WEISSER ELEFANT (reads). "The bench you are sitting on is
made of orange boa constrictors which have been treated
with piratical chocolate Georgia-bannisters. The Maryland
of your face. Despite what you have been, ho ho, the
incinerator is not a call-girl. Depart before the ice
cream melts." Mine is about food!

GUINEVERE (throwing herself on WEISSER ELEFANT). O my
lover, my lover!

PILOT. Wait a minute. Read yours.

GUINEVERE (gazes into VENUS's face). "Your head may be
paralyzed by lint." Orchids! buzz-saws!

ORCHIDS. This is not blood. This is an orchard.
Through which you may walk. Like a bug.

BUZZ-SAW. Everybody: one, two, three!
Plywood!
Goldsmith!
Sun glasses!

(The plaza splits in two like an orange. WEISSER ELE-
FANT eats one half of it. On the other half, GUINE-
VERE is playing a guitar to the KANGAROO, and play-
ing cards are falling from his pocket. In the slight
breeze one can just make out the chorus of neckties.
It seems as if the Old World had become the New. A
MOUSE enjoys this seance)

MOUSE. God plays the guitar
And Religion listens.
The weary squash
Lurks beside the lotus.
See! the glass buildings
Decide nothing.
We are the sobbing world,
Just as they are in the nude.

GUINEVERE (very loud). Photomatic bad living
Gigantic prisms. Beamed. Gee. Leaves!

KANGAROO (softly). Pretty Geneva, pretty Southland, beloved
orchestra!

GUINEVERE. I am pink in the nude.

KANGAROO. Yes yes.

GUINEVERE. O Joy!

KANGAROO. Listen. Baccalaureate. Is that
Prometheus?

MAN (he is wearing a large mouse-head, and plays the guitar).
Only the bathroom knees would care
And the table of good red air
Seriously affronts the car
With the yellow daffodils of today.
Somnolent I see an amethyst
Clearing the way for future
Eons, the ragged hoop
And the dippy Fragonard of fluffier days,
Played to the tune of our pablum violin.

GUINEVERE (throws herself, kissing, against a statue). O you,
concede that I am the airport!

MAN WITH MOUSE HEAD. America is like an elephant whose
baseballs
Are boundaries
Of sunlight. *This* is peppermint,
That billiard shore. Now she gets,
Like horror, the main idea, a stove that is
Brilliant as the curling raspberries and move to his
heart.
O olives, I know your reputation for fairness,
And every pipe dreams of a shirtwaisted kimono
Beyond the callow limousine of the funnies; but Nugent
Drank the coca cola, and Allen left the boudoir
Where Jane lay thrown like a saint, the music of a
thumb
Daring the elate, childless strings.
O mothers, weevil, market-place of the Sixties,
What is the road to Gary, China?

GUINEVERE. Should industry delay,
Or mice parade? Is that a youth group
Signing: "Daft, weird, kind pennons,
Yoyos and hills, shirts and displays"?

MAN WITH MOUSE HEAD. O Germany of sofas,
Are we so clear
As beer is harmless?

GIRAFFE. A shoplifting land of railroad pyjamas
Passed my door, evil filmstars.
Huguenot! evil girls of filmstar plantation!

HIPPO. Yes because we meant to spend the summer;
But now we see the human element
Is merely a white bear, tipping stars
By the briefcase of a violet hand
Meant to inform and believe concatenated
The surface of a wheel-lake, or "morgen"
Meaning "morning" in German. Yes I meant
To thumb a ride along the Champs Elysées,
But the sunny negro
Of handsome stars
Bid for the fingers of my door, and lo! I lay,
The Hippopotamus, sweating as if funny
Water may come true even in the summertime
And—

(BANG! The HIPPO falls dead)

SOMEONE. Pure Pins the lobster!

(YELLOWMAY comes in and takes off all GUINEVERE's clothes)

(GUINEVERE puts her clothes back on)

GUINEVERE. The shortest way to go home yesterday
He always called the best way.
There's no suffering in a limeade
Of clearer captains, carpenters, and shipwrights
From brains solidly
In the pier. O the white shore, the red sea—

(YELLOWMAY takes her hand; they walk along the seashore)

YELLOWMAY. And the works of pineapple.
I have often been a shipmaster
But never a ship. The blow from Tangiers
Never came.

GUINEVERE. Soldiers waiting at my hammock
Counseled me, "Be as black as soot."
Oh nuts, the chairs have gone away.

YELLOWMAY. Paintings of the sea, I won't reveal to you my
name is Yellowmay.

MAN (without mouse head). Or the lobster
That oval
Which I often noticed.
I think,
"Is this a cigar
Or, baby! maybe
The license for a white cigarette,
Given by the shields."
And when the frog becomes a bicycle,
Dear days of pineapple,
Lilac where the giant ripple
Rushes, as past a kangaroo.

KANGAROO. O mournful existence within the match-box
With a sullen cockatoo
Whose brain beats its own division
And dandy "wawa"—

OCEAN. Oh Sweden is endless! the earliest time to drink.

YELLOWMAY. Are we drinking in chairs like a column?

GUINEVERE. Oh yes, master. Come jinx with the merry columbine!

(Suddenly it is spring. The HIPPO appears, *solus*, covered with
garlands of flowers)

HIPPO. Decency of printemps O
Knocks on my pillow!
Houses without a door!
Suitcases which miss my sleeves!
O bears, you too, on the misty shore
Of the sea, in whose elbows
I hear a moth beginning
To mourn on a blue, beautiful violin.

The SKY descends, covering all with blue; from the
empty stage comes a song)

Who cares about them
In a grouping again
Or the poking amethyst
And delicious anthem?
The bread in the butter box
And a dictionary—
The day fears to tell me
Of white screams. Oh, don't you know it,
The marriage of blue
Bells, America, generous, as white screens
Failing, the magazine basement
Of archways. Water
The generous magazines!
Summery blue daylight,
The manner of machines,
Daguerrotype, cigarette store.

(The dead body of the KANGAROO is dragged across the stage
by a two-horse cart)

KENNETH KOCH

PARALLELS

The docks and green bluffs and red brick developments,
the river parallel to these, the sky parallel
in a frame six feet away
six hundred feet or a mile long
what is seen is held, and even if not seen
held, in a frame.

•

Opening a kept object six times brightly
in a kaleidoscope of sleep
or exaggerated kaleidoscope of long wakefulness
the same scene, bluffs, red brick developments, river
distances, and the road that gives
this and this continuity
to the world, seen, if a car passes on it at a point.

•

The peripheral mind where passersby go dims as a time of day,
the lights go on, the attention is drawn to a blue car
on its way to Albany, as its lights go on.

WINTER

no. perfection. where / how the rain was falling
where I was / what kept me warm
from the cold rain and the cold sun.

a radiant heater. controls
I cd. never turn on or off, just
warmer or cooler. just warmer.

Let me out I yelled at the window but I yelled that too
at the air when I walked on Market Street. passing
people. windows where lights burned.

thighs high as a center where a clock shone,
a freeway to carry traffic, the sunlight inclined
its stone. abt. 2 o'clock the stone edge burning.

SHAPES

the heavy black shape edged in among the white ones
stimulating the tail of the purple, that skims off.

this among reeds, so that the shapes we see may be lights & shadow.
the real shapes dead

a half-inch off,
the heavy black shape a slick rock.

A half-minute later I was scratching my ear
& the black cloud came over. The sky was clear.

alone on the grass I pondered the black cloud
to silver and glass. cleared a sky.

I was scratching my ear & seeing (for a minute)
the real shapes as they wd. look were they not always
vibrating & shifting, black, and dead, & as I wrote
the black cloud came over.

But this I dissolved by the power of mind!

in an inn, on a journey, I had been offered strange cheese
and tasted it, alone for a minute, in the delight of discovery,
and there sat at my table a stranger.

GEORGE STANLEY

PERSONISM: A MANIFESTO

Everything is in the poems, but at the risk of sounding like the poor wealthy man's Allen Ginsberg I will write to you because I just heard that one of my fellow poets thinks that a poem of mine that can't be got at one reading is because I was confused *too*. Now, come on. I don't believe in god, so I don't have to make elaborately sounded structures. I hate Vachel Lindsay, always have, I don't even like rhythm, assonance, all that stuff. You just go on your nerve. If someone's chasing you down the street with a knife you just run, you don't turn around and shout, "Give it up! I was a track star for Mineola Prep."

That's for the writing poems part. As for their reception, suppose you're in love and someone's mistreating (mal aimé) you, you don't

say, "Hey, you can't hurt me this way, I *care!*" you just let all the different bodies fall where they may, and they always do may after a few months. But that's not why you fell in love in the first place, just to hang onto life, so you have to take your chances and try to avoid being logical. Pain always produces logic, which is very bad for you.

I'm not saying that I don't have practically the most lofty ideas of anyone writing today, but what difference does that make? they're just ideas. The only good thing about it is that when I get lofty enough I've stopped thinking and that's when refreshment arrives.

But how can you really care if anybody gets it, or gets what it means, or if it improves them. Improves them for what? for death? Why hurry them along? Too many poets act like a middle-aged mother trying to get her kids to eat too much cooked meat, and potatoes with drippings (tears). I don't give a damn whether they eat or not. Forced feeding leads to excessive thinness (*effete*). Nobody should experience anything they don't need to, if they don't need poetry bully for them, I like the movies too. And after all, only Whitman and Crane and Williams, of the American poets, are better than the movies. As for measure and other technical apparatus, that's just common sense: if you're going to buy a pair of pants you want them to be tight enough so everyone will want to go to bed with you. There's nothing metaphysical about it. Unless, of course, you flatter yourself into thinking that what you're experiencing is "yearning".

Abstraction in poetry, which Allen recently commented on in *IT IS*, is intriguing. I think it appears mostly in the minute particulars where decision is necessary. Abstraction (in poetry, not in painting) involves personal removal by the poet. For instance, the decision involved in the choice between "the nostalgia of the infinite" and "the nostalgia for the infinite" defines an attitude towards degree of abstraction. The nostalgia of the infinite representing the greater degree of abstraction, removal, and negative capability (as in Keats and Mallarmé). Personism, a movement which I recently founded and which nobody yet knows about, interests me a great deal, being so totally opposed to this kind of abstract removal that it is verging on a true abstraction for the first time, really, in the history of poetry. Personism is to Wallace Stevens what la poésie pure was to Béranger. Personism has nothing to do with philosophy, it's all art. It does not have to do with personality or intimacy, far from it! But to give you a vague idea, one of its minimal aspects is to address itself to one person (other than the poet himself), thus evoking overtones of love without destroying love's life-giving vulgarity, and sustaining the poet's feelings towards the poem while preventing love from distracting him into feeling about the person. That's part of personism. It was founded

by me after lunch with LeRoi Jones on August 27, 1959, a day in which I was in love with someone (not Roi, by the way, a blond). I went back to work and wrote a poem for this person. While I was writing it I was realizing that if I wanted to I could use the telephone instead of writing the poem, and so Personism was born. It's a very exciting movement which will undoubtedly have lots of adherents. It puts the poem squarely between the poet and the person, Lucky Pierre style, and the poem is correspondingly gratified. The poem is at last between two persons instead of two pages. In all modesty, I confess that it may be the death of literature as we know it. While I have certain regrets, I am still glad I got there before Alain Robe-Grillet did. Poetry being quicker and surer than prose, it is only just that poetry finish literature off. For a time people thought that Artaud was going to accomplish this, but actually, for all its magnificence, his polemical writings are not more outside literature than Bear Mountain is outside New York State. His relation is no more astounding than Dubuffet's to painting.

What can we expect of Personism? (This is getting good, isn't it?) Everything, but we won't get it. It is too new, too vital a movement to promise anything. But it, like Africa, is on the way. The recent propagandists for technique on the one hand, and for content on the other, had better watch out.

FRANK O'HARA

9/3/59

ON CHESSMAN'S CRIME:

Be *abnormal sex* a crime?

Then be it everybodys crime —

The raped is the rapist!

Every fuck is a rape, a crime!

Gas chamber for every being

who ever fucked or never fucked!

It's all *abnormal!*

The virgin is sick!

The whore is sick!

The cocksucker the cuntlapper, sick!

The sodomist the normalist, sick!
 The celibate the cocksman, sick!
 Yes! every man & woman who ever fucked, sick!
 The fucked and the fuckers
 The unfucked and non-fuckers, SICK!
 To the gas-chamber with all of them!
 O ugly black pig-milk-bred us!
 Look at children! Look at them vile things!
 How did they ever get here?

Each child is a dirty proof of us! of rape!
 of fuck! each child a crime!

Rid the world of them!
 Cut off your cocks!

Sew up your cunts!
 and be done with these walking products of crime —

FOR BLACK MOUNTAIN—2

When she sat & I called regnant the rabbit
 the 2nd time she reached
 too late to grab it;
 Thank God it did not run out the room
 but came back and in after it as soon —
 So it was in the beginning
 when the desire to go back
 was fulfilled
 and we started.

Ah but the thought to write nursery rhymes
 is prelude to a stark poetry.

GREGORY CORSO

EMPTY BED BLUES

Bought me a coffee-grinder, got the best one I could find,
 Bought me a coffee-grinder, got the best one I could find,
 So he could grind my coffee, 'cause he has a brand new grind.

He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong,
 He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong,
 He can touch the bottom, and his wind holds out so long.

He boiled my first cabbage and he made it awful hot,
 He boiled my first cabbage and he made it awful hot,
 Then he put in the bacon and it overflowed the pot.

B. SMITH

TO ORPHEUS

went down there, o
 singer, went down there, o
 luteman

to where
 they dont dig song or
 singers

showed you knew who to
 believe. climbing down those walls. hugging
 yr horn.

& after, after the
 stoning & that
 scene

to float the head down the ocean
 spouting trade secrets
 to lesbians

that was a cool touch

POEM

hokusai called himself
 'an old man
 mad about drawing'

matisse died with a stick
 strapped to his stiff
 arm

drawing ten feet
 away
 (to purify the line, away
 from disease, from
 the crippled body

how a line
 cleaves
 how a line
 opens, slices thru, lays bare

broken down to
 essentials, like
 a bone sticking white gleaming out

like
 a slash-tongued bird
 brite illuminating the air
 thru which it sweeps

up up
 he straights his eye & wing
 all background a blur of his holy speed
 everything in the flight
 the climb towards

toward the
 eye, the
 central eye, the
 third eye, the outer
 eye

 'mad about
 drawing'

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS

— for Charles Mingus

the unpainted shamans
 of magic eyes
 present their visions
 for the tribe

liberal academician
 o, pithecanthropus erectus

1st hipster
 strange cat
 to be the first up, off
 the knees

liberal academician
 standing there, strong

2nd hipster
 the look
 on his face. he dont know
 what's happening

liberal academician
 o noble beginner

1st hipster
 strange, tho
 to be the first up
 off the knees

liberal academician
 i embrace you for
 yr courage
 & yr terror

2nd hipster
 at the same time
 not even digging the
 strangeness of it

liberal academician

we still in our time
feel it
facing the standing up
that you now do

1st hipster

maybe he does, man
there is some light
inside his eyes
 he looks like a
man, now, man
 the first up
off the knees

STUART Z. PERKOFF

SOME NOTES TOWARD A PAPER ON PROSODY

The Greeks, and Romans

A prosody based upon time values of vowels. Quantitative verse. The line invented artificially, the stanzaic patterns as artificial as the English. However, the guts of the metric coming out of the language as spoken, that is, the long vowel recognizable as such, *omega* always *omega*. Prose accentuation as given in grammar books compiled long after the decline of the classical civilizations absolutely at odds with the metric as heard by the poet, as understood by the audience.

Sappho: (the grammatical scansion)

Fainetai moi keinos isos theoisin

emmen oneir ostis enantios toi, etc.

whereas the metrical ascansion, the poem as read:

(The QUANTITATIVE)

Fainetai moi keinos isos theoisin

emmen oneir ostis enantios toi, etc.

that is, the grammar book accentuation differs considerably from the scansion because the poet was not concerned with the QUALITATIVE or ACCENTUAL writing of verse. The verse an adjunct to music and it functioned according to time values, musically. The Romans the same, Catullus the only poet to ever translate Sappho. We find it difficult to read classical metres because of our need to stress, accentually, what shd be sustained temporally, as a musician gives a different value to a quarter note, half note, etc. English translations of Sapphics unsatisfying, because the Sapphic stanza is determined quantitatively, and the English language makes no provision for this. Thos. Campion's beautiful seminal work, *Observations On The Art Of English Poesie*, plus his *exempla*—a magnificent attempt to reconcile an accentual language and a classical prosody; however, the examples succeed in spite of the classical moulds in which they are placed, they are beautiful English poems. "Rose-cheekt Lawra, come," Lawra is Laura, like the movie.

The English

Again, an artificial prosody, differing from the classical in that the measure is determined by the stresses demanded by the words making up the lines, that is, the accentual stresses. The prosody dependent, again, upon the way words are spoken by the people. A-pple, BA-tering, hell-O, etc. We have not got a prosody that has anything outstanding to do with time values, that is part of it, but the skeleton of the English prosodic business is in the stress of the syllable, as it occurs in the line. Vowels which are long to the ear when isolate, are utterly changed in the line when placed in conjunction with other vowels, e.g., *moon*, one of the longest sounds in English, becomes relatively short in the word *honeymoon*; the stress which falls on the first "o" absorbing also the majority of the temporal value of the word.

Contemporary USA

I take "American Prosody" to be that approach to metre initiated by WCW and carried on by Chas Olson, others have refined at points, Zukofsky (*Some Time* a primer of the craft) and Creeley, etc., but Williams and Olson the salient markers. There are immense difficulties in this measure, this variable measure, let's use Williams' term, since the old anchor of the preconceived metrical pattern, with the crutch of rhyme, is long gone, and the poet's ear has got to refine itself to the point at which his poems take on the same beauty that an unfaltering use of a KNOWN structure gave Donne, Marvell, Campion, etc. Is the measure viable? I mean, what will stop it from sloppy usage, or license? From becoming Sandburgian? *Vide* Olson, "right here where the line is born — contemporary workers go dead." ("lazy?" —

I don't have the essay before me.) Any way, to release the measure, that is the accentuation, from the syllabification, and return the line to its music: roughly WCW's program. *Nota:* To destroy the debilitating influence of an accentual scansion upon the poem, that shackle. To bring the line to the reality of the spoken language, *ordered*, however, by the poet's grasp of what that speech is capable of, I do NOT mean "just like you talk, wow!", etc. Crap. The movement founded on the rising and falling, the stoppages, of the poet himself. And here we got the big trouble. Who is to say that Carl Sandburg doesn't hear that way? or any of the rest of them ole boys laz'in' in the sun? Not I/not you. You can only say, I don't like. So we are back at the point of chaos, to the academic mind, which doesn't mean anything unless we remember WCW's hope and belief that the perfected variable measure would be *as measurable* as a sonnet. The point is, I think, we have the variable alright, in the icebox, but what about the measure? I mean WHAT is the variant UPON? WHAT IS THE CONSTANT against which we play our variations? Do we need it to create a viable measure? I don't know, that's for sure, but I'm almost certain that the situation at one and the same time, sharpens a poet's ear, and makes a hundred charlatans possible. It is a point of departure not located on our maps, we take off from the way another man heard words, how they came into his ear and went out onto his page in his poems. Against that burden we gauge our own productions, but the burden is faint and distant, and we have got to listen sharply, a man can come thru it if he listens, reading the measure as manifested can only show you a WAY to listen for yourself. "Music it for yourself."

Finally,

Campion, Wiat with his split lines, the caesurae dividing sections of the same line into different rhythmic patterns, these things shaped an aesthetic which cannot be put down with the cry of academic, nor will knowing that they "wrote in iambs", etc. etc., help. Chaucer shames us all — his limited stock of metres allowing him almost infinite freedom (and very few men in his day knew how to handle an iambic line, Spenser probably the first poet who knew how to use all the metres to perfection). His prosody (Chaucer's) seems utterly free, because he used hundreds of lines that *orally* contained only two or three beats or accents, but every line, aurally, had the requisite number of beats demanded by the form. In a line of iambic, say, he wd have maybe the 2nd and 8th syllable accented, the rest of the syllables muted, the line as free as speech, no hammering. You can't hammer out Chaucer even if you want to, he won't allow it, try it yrself. BUT, the line always remained within the prescribed form of the iambic, ba-

BUM, ba-BUM, etc. This was his burden, against which his variations were played, this was variable measure, and if I understand Olson rightly, it was projective verse, Chaucer's intellect among the syllables always at work, his heart and breath shaping the line to something that he wanted it to be, tho restricted by the 10 syllables that his form demanded, the form doesn't matter in Chaucer, you do NOT become aware of the 10 syllable line in the *Tales*, it seems longer and shorter to your ear, because of the absolute perfection of the poet's, he leans on the accent of words, as well as their vowel weight and duration. So. We have got a good start, but we find ourselves in Chaucer's position, the iambic was something that he *used* as burden, we must use Olson and Wms. as ours.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droughte of Merche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich liquor
Of which vertu engendred is the flour . . .

THAT, friends is intelligence.

An Afterthought

American Negro blues: the words stretched out or shortened (that is, their vowels) to fit the music, vowels held for two beats, etc., the following vowels in the same line clipped short to close out the line on the proper beat in the music, here a variation, again, against a constant, and NOT based on the syllable *accents*, but on *quantity* — as determined by the singer. Maybe the most freedom that has been attained in a "verse" form.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

FROM A COMIC BOOK

A kind of charred permanence
presented the scroll. But the world,
neared . . . flower remained on the fence
. . . jealousy, of her prayers

or sniffing round the dungeon
discovered a comparison to facts—
the buttocks of her reminder seduced
the thin chisel.

from a skyscraper
 paused
 bumping the waiting to be with you
 light came in from the lavatory
 over the laboratory floor the kitchen
 with its curtains of ketchup
 all released before you and squalid any more.

LEAVING THE ATOCHA STATION

The arctic honey blabbed over the report causing darkness
 And pulling us out of there experiencing it
 he meanwhile . . . And the fried bats they sell there
 dropping from sticks, so that the menace of your prayer folds . . .
 Other people . . . flash
 the garden are you boning
 and defunct covering . . . Blind dog expressed royalties . . .
 comfort of your perfect tar grams nuclear world bank tulip
 Favorable to near the night pin
 loading formaldehyde. The table torn from you
 Suddenly and we are close
 Mouthing the root when you think
 generator homes enjoy leered
 warn
 The stool blazing pigeons from the roof
 driving tractor to squash
 Leaving the Atocha Station steel
 infected bumps the screws
 everywhere wells
 abolished top ill-lit
 scarecrow falls Time, progress and good sense
 strike of shopkeepers dark blood
 no forest you can name drunk scrolls
 the completely new Italian hair . . .
 Baby . . . ice falling off the port
 The centennial Before we can
 old eat
 members with their chins
 so high up rats
 relaxing the cruel discussion
 suds the painted corners
 white most aerial

garment crow
 and when the region took us back
 the person left us like birds
 it was fuzz on the passing light
 over disgusted heads, far into amnesiac
 permanent house depot amounts he can
 decrepit mayor . . . exalting flea
 for that we turn around
 experiencing it is not to go into
 the epileptic prank forcing bar
 to borrow out onto tide-exposed fells
 over her morsel, she chasing you
 and the revenge he'd get
 establishing vultural over
 rural area cough protection
 murdering quintet. Air pollution terminal
 the clean fart genital enthusiastic toe prick album serious evening flames
 the lake over your hold personality
 lightened . . . roar
 You are freed
 including barrels
 head of the swan forestry
 the night and stars fork
 That is, he said
 and rushing under the hoops of
 equations probable
 absolute mush the right
 entity chain store sewer opened their books
 The flood dragged you
 I coughed to the window
 last month: juice, earlier
 like the slacks to be declining
 the peaches more
 fist
 sprung expecting the cattle
 false loam imports
 next time around

JOHN ASHBERY

LITERARY LIFE IN THE GOLDEN WEST

A Birthday Poem For (&/or About) Mr. J.-L.K., 20:V:57

Now we are 35 we no longer enjoy red neon,

(MILNER HOTEL)

We don't know what to do except
Stand on our head four minutes a day
To adjust our metabolism and feel a physical
Ecstasy when we stand up and the blood
Rushes down from our head

It is impossible to write in the big front room
The space, the high ceiling scares us
In the kitchen we write:

"I have nothing to write about,
no work to do— I made a pastel picture of the back yard
I'm reading *Swann's Way*, I talk to my mother and go see
my friends, they are dull and vaguely busy suffering
from metabolic disturbances (they don't stand on their
heads) I just finished writing a book 1000 pages
long, I'm going away to—or am going to have to manufacture
—another world, this one is all worn out, Buddha is much
more interesting than fucking, eating or writing, my
mother is happy, now I can die next week."

None of our serious friends approve of this
Routine they write articles against us in all
The liberal magazines, the young hitch-hike from New York
And Alabama with their poems, we sit together in Portsmouth Plaza
Drinking muscatel and swapping stories
Until the buttons drive us home.

SINCERITY SHOT, 23:III:58

My hair is itchy my walking shorts
Provoke fantasies of sexual congress
& having removed them
I have this to say:

I'm drinking sweet Italian Vermouth
with ice in it
No more visions, only sensations
of general contentment
& a certain degree of self-righteousness
about my present continence

& "a babbled o' green fields" (cheating already! a quote!)

&

This Vermouth tastes like shaving soap
(Eating Chinese restaurant ginger beef,
The Judge: "I don't like it."
I: "It's good, it tastes like Cashmere Bouquet."
The Judge: "Some people *like* to eat soap.")

More cheating, that was memory
& not what I was going to say, which is:

My nose itches, a prognostication
a) I shall presently kiss a fool

or

b) Someone is coming to visit me

but a lying portent, it being 12:35 A.M.
& I don't know

NOBODY to kiss in this town.

A MANUSCRIPT IN SEVERAL HANDS 3:III:60

where was we last night

A BEAUTIFUL PAGE

Ron isn't back

not even a flower—

But yes, they're dead, that's ok

Greenish yellow, bronze towards the outside

flowers

Mrs Ronald Loewinsohn of Santa Monica & Larkspur
& San Francisco has arrived

((in her handwriting is:

"Philip Whalen is a damned bastard"

She's trying out my fountain pen

"to shallow rivers to whose falls
melodious birds sing madrigals

"Philip Whalen is a very terrible person
it is said that he is a warlock

"abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz"

I add a quote from Gertrude Stein that I remember:

"And with a nod she turned her head
beside the falling water. Amiably."

PHILIP WHALEN

K in the u s a
in black and white
the screen

what visits
the man pays

foolish proposals
for the stands

Why

cloud
variety

ha ha
command of himself
winding
in America

to produce color a
wonder, say you

one of the best known Orators
of the Spanish Speaking world

(is the president
of the Assembly
and the Council

showing his skin, at
you, the movies

I have been, he says, impressed
and perhaps a million more,
drowned out
by the rocket
gag

What we need is some more real honest-to-gosh
salesmanship

the farmer says

for the cows
which will survive

LARRY EIGNER

Thursday June 9th 1960

Dear Lroi,

Got a kick from your letter here May 14th (or anyway the day i did this thing abt the basement of the Met Museum on reading abt it in Feb. Harpers), and by way of celebration I show you these poems, submission or

*May
59

otherwise, only i just make 3 carbons 4 copies of the large sheet, so i figure i better have em back, eventually, any you dont use. They may form quite a group, some of em. The Civil War bits I show you on acct of Olson's letter*, the sight of ground, back and forth, which i get out of it after reading the Dorn appreciation of Maximus; "theatre.." eg, is sort of the glimpse i got from First Bull Run of Virginia, or N. Virginia, panorama and terrain, moving with lines of men, masses, space/time, from Brady photos, bk Lee's Lieutenants (in the front of which is quite a set of full-page pictures of em), and the map in there and one in this pop. general history of Bruce Catton's, This Hallowed Ground, where the rail lines, crosshatched, like spurred, sporing, appear to foot it down. Little choo-choo, this is apt to end in child-like scenes. And Olson is more pile riveted, of course (I just spread out, in great part, it seems) -- he is enough. h i t e m b r a s s -- which seems casual -- kind of fits with the C War stuff..

Well, I always have doubts nowadays, if not before, and so yr letter picked me up. One from Turnbull the day before, too, citing those things in Combustion 13 as abt the best he'd seen by me. I think maybe I'm the one who least knows what he wants or whats doing, in most ways. At any rate I've spotted myself as a "primitive", by now, though i have an idea i dont like Granma Moses (but Rousseau..? Thoreau..?)

Congrats
on Cor-
inth,
sure.

Whalen's
Inter
Glacial
I have
as yet
undiges-
ted...

I bet
ter-get
others
when
ready,
you
know.

The one (poem) on Creeleys photo et al, I was thinking, consciously, that the blurb, the part abt "predecessors" and all, was kind of pretentious; otherwise I was aware of echoes of WCW and Olson's O'Ryan, and a fervor, emotionalism without which i imagine nothing rises off the page, but which seems inappropriate somehow, soon enough -- but i submitted it to Souster for the heck of it. I do have this alientation now, solidified and revealed, from what is most immediate here -- i am now thick skinned. So i go. And it was only after your letter that i saw the tallying of "sky..pictures of stars" "head ...statues" "Churches/ open as the earth" had bn ok... But i guess "...predecessors" cant acc't for the "impeccability" you see there. With an auspicious look at look at "Plenty time.." I seen it may well have quite a structure(?)

Incidentally: I told Corman what i got of "ground.." in Olson (#6), and abt the Dorn essay, for one thing its snarled sentences, like Olson, and yin/yang sense of "abstract", and he says it: "swims by me and misses me. Maybe it comes, on his part, from ducking experimental missiles. Damned if I can explain it. I'd say your sense of Olson is both straighter and more accurate. 'By ear, he sd'. When Dorn appreciates that, he will be a big boy."

?Maybe I sd something abt ear.? Well, Corman's onto it, and Olson, it look like, in/ear/mind/breath/heart. ???

I settled down to liking yrs (as well as in Y # 6), further, in Combustion #13 and In the anthology. So thank you yrself. Aroma or whatever. "It's the anarchy of poverty / delights", though by now, on my part, this is a kind of pastoral

feeling, robustness is lacking, instd thick skin and impatience (once more?) with my wires, fussier and fussier in my eating..0 well... But also, I read H.J.'s Washing Sq. a couple months ago, and am reminded of that .atmos. I'm used to Suburbia, i was going to say 1 sec. ago. I cherish memories of Salem, etc., dilapidated outdoors, fluent, yes. Grandfather lived opposite House of 7 Gables, end of Turner Street, beach, and in back of the houses wharves w/ sailing craft, wonder what they were for. And my own place here, was woodsy, older houses have Italians, corner grocery, etc. Then there is Gloucester, less of the picturesque virtues i guess.

This especially, perhaps, from the 2 in Combustion, "long sterile moon lapping at the dank Hudson" "They arresses you ..." ...But other things you get to... like "Mountain climbing" "Summer's mist nods against the trees" "...fan/ tweaking the air." "Pure flight .. fantasy .." yes. And, just now here, even "Way Out West" coalesces, as well as "Ostriches" And "Radio" hit me right off. And i sure remember The Shadow, now.

So far I've gotten down to O'Hara too.--"Memory of Feelings" becomes familiar and graspable (Whitman and self), some of "Ode to..Birth" "Why not ..Painter" "Chez Jane" "Day Lady Died" "Krushev.." "In Favor..time" Clutter, and true, unlike yrs, youre back ..but then invention. The more i read, the less i (can) judge, but, when reading is uppermost (?)... how much uppermost (?) I discover Koch's "Fresh Air" (is right!), and "Thank you". Ed Field doesnt come up, sags somehow. Rediscovering myself (now i like, now i dont) , And, eg, Kingfishers, and the comprehension yesterday, the

simple statement that they cant be relied on, have to change, and yet remain ("if you can look ..long enough...dirtiness... taste. ") Still up in the air tho, of crse" The "E" might be "Ezra" or "Everleth" or Chinese gram fer "regulate" or "kingisher" in some language?" "... longest-lasting rose" is Dante's Paradise? Or Yeats' system? Description of bird Yeats's? "scarlet coat"? Anyway i guess i have a gd deal of the poem, after all dese yrs And in Maximus, I, I see now, you have the "extricable surface" because "each knot is for the hands to untie."...

There's Duncan too. His biog sent me back to "Venice Poem." which i went through, and got somewhat. "Towards an African Elegy" is by now a familiar and great milestone..

Leverlov grt clearness. Others I haven't got to. There seems an awful lot for me. There is a streak of garrulity, sort of. Like, on p. 289**, in DENUNCIATION ...to substitute a lacuna for the "is" of line 6, might be mainly a matter idiom, but deleting "THE" from line 11, a tightening too. McClure's "Peyote Poem" I liked, and "Artaud" more and Geryon, but these capitals, besides getting chunky get loud too. Well, some kind of BIG scherzo..?

Say, wd you like me to send my Totem Press copies of For Artaud and Projective verse to anyone, now that i have em in the anthology? The address?

Got May Poetry, with Creeley in it; yes, i guess, action, some of em. O'Hara. Have you seen the mag NOMAD? #5-6 has quite a collection from sundry on aesthetics, and opuses, examples. Well, too much, i get locked at times, maybe frequently right now.

Wonder if i shd submit to Poetry
agn. Well, I'm also lazy, and some ideas
are making me tired...

Just reading Snyder's
Burning after supper. Terribly set,
hard-edged he seems sometimes, at others
gets in. What a lot of stuff.

What you think of the mag THE
SIXTIES, etc. Civil War poems are among
those Duerden has sd he liked, tht a "new
cutting loose", on seeing copies Duncan
made when i sent em to him..But, you cd
have em. Su? (I copied it on acct of
McClure.) K in the usa I had Ignatow
relay to Jonathan Wms, who sd in his most
recent letter, he was sticking it in
my bk***

Regards,

Larry

** In Grove Anty of The NAP

*** On My Eyes (Jargon)

FOR FAIR ELEANOR

romance sprang from where you kept
your court, southerly
and easy for song

"When the sweet breeze
Blows hither from your dwelling
Methinks I feel
A breath of paradise"

I fume against the whole thing, I
mean life all of it
but, have never once thought
suicide. Every
red-haired woman
makes me turn my head in her
direction

Christ! i've turned several sets
of alternatives over and over
it all comes out to the same

—husbands and sons chasing all
through europe
to do each other in, nothing
each would not do for you

even murder

and you, you
do push it!

MAX FINSTEIN

MORNING SONG

found the rays of heaven striking down,
reaching into the room, into the bed, touching
him on the forehead.

we don't offer anything more
than what we have to offer. but then discover
something else to offer. feeling

light strikes, the night therefor over.
albas, sing albas, or love as best you can.
none perfect, the perfection lying
only in awareness, the sun
lies only in the sky.

we lie in bed beneath it.

watchman, what of the light? sleeping or
rising, the sun upon us, our hearts open.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

THE JUNGLE

1.

time & time again the laughter after the footsteps
in the snow, the moths walk stiffly.
dont palm off yr deaths head on me, man,
or yr horse with the broken leg

on stilts

always on stilts

hair brushing the stars, the hair ends cracking

and this is NY nothing but sleet & foghorns
we'd have to answer the door again someday you know:
the sleet, kissing the window like a goldfish
like a sick goldfish, a goldfish gone to seed;
300 watts in my ceiling, 3 eyes regard me;
the claw lowered behind me on a web.
where's the cellar where you never wet yr feet?
whose sound is it?

dont come in no cravat to this falling door
two deathblows it had
I shall stop shaking someday

the beasts cry out:

lushpadded, making it, the growth slimy
they walk, paths never crossing, like dancers
their tails erect, or swishing, or they droop
but their eyes

the rain falls on the leaves

the leaves

fall; tenderfooted they walk, tendergrowling, all of love
in the deathspring

2.

tomatoes on the vine,

but that green fruit

juggled too soon,

it rots before it ripens

its sweet all in its seed

its gay tomorrows.

who says we shall not die, the sleet counts off
that Mr. Goldberg has the cheapest tombstones
on Rivington, but Schultz, he does the carving
makes you cry.

I shall put on my seven league boots

and go out picking daisies.

Bullshit.

I shall sit in a freezing pad

while my door gets deathblows.

how my window's bruised

blue fleshmarks on the glass.

the wind ignores me, glances off my cunt

my knuckles

& the corners of my mouth.

the wind is pink, it makes the snow obscene.

3.

tomorrow the fire went out, under the small porch, the snail
regarded the matter, retreated,

backing into an asymmetrical web

a foot came thru the ceiling, someone turned the knob
on the cancerous door.

I will let you lay yr hand on my head again
but in another fashion.

Rape of the spirit,

that was

& this a holiday for pears
 if only banners streamed
 in different directions
 if only a single face
 were turned away...

4.

to drop the fucking thing & watch it burn
 if it were in my hands, the atomic war wd be past history.
 how cosmic chill
 passes from one to other as we kiss.
 I walk with every beast that walks in me
 more catfooted than they
 but at the kill, exultant, all of wind
 is nothing to this.

 It's a losing game.
 I walk with every beast that walks
 to take the dragon
 thru the city gates
 neck with the cyclops,
 etc.
 Eumenides, if one face turns
 away
 and the wind, which we must
 swallow, whatever we will.

5.

that the sea shd only pay us a flying visit
 that the flowers scattered on it do not change
 the least of its plans.
 my hands are in the wind's mouth, I am led
 my eyes are blank,
 nothing is in my hands.
 the wall in front of me cuts off sound & sight
 my head is chained
 nothing is in my hands.
 no vines grow on the wall, from time to time
 the rain
 brings down a rumor of the sky.
 that we have floated together away from the fire
 that the castle has turned to cardboard, that the air
 will not go near us.
somewhere the wind plays only on the grass
dark and light the turning in the air
 that the block of ice which binds us
 binds us both.

DIANE DI PRIMA

THEORY OF SOCIETY

(we already possess a
 sufficient theory of
 psychology)
 the greatest present danger

the area of pseudo-sensibility:

games

randomness

haphazard

(I Ching-
 ness)

sorts

accidence (anything goes or
 all is interesting Or
 nothing is

instead of novelty ("God is the organ of
 novelty, and

as the true cast of
 the sensible

probability

(Kicks)

phoney disaffection: actually
 political (the elite among
 the masses accomplishing
 a lateral coup d' etat

persons are hung along a line from birth to
 death Some fell off at 5 etc some at
 17 others 40, like No matter, they
 are bombers (carrying forces) of the time

they fell off, not what
 they look like talk like
 seem etc Or are
 taken as

(arrière to this thought is
the 'phases' used to be
causes of 'forms', in
social — public as distinguished
from private — life: viz,

1st year infancy
2nd thru 3rd libidinal
4th to 6th oedipean
7th to 12th play
12th to 17th sexualization
etc

(upon which rites
de passage existed Opinion
has replaced all such

Superstition & idolatry also rampant:
anything can happen (BS

CHARLES OLSON

SEPT. 1957

O' How deep is thy love says
the Hymnal with the tune
from Greenoble
How green is thy valley
which is just a hole under my
window where two cats played
at seven this morning and they
howled like babies but they
were taken from the ass next door.
How deep is that drop beneath and
especially if the dog should sniff too
much and take a leap—all would
happen would be a cat's leap in
heat right back at Fritz's
throat.
How deep it is, your altruism, the high
wall, the backyard, brick leaning,

Tower of Pisa—rent-o-building
—rent asunder with junk and shit-
apartments with rent unpaid.

O' Someone come along and redeem everyone
here: Negro, Jew, Czech and yank all out
of debt and let us have a jubilee,
seven years and forgive us seventy
times seven but this not a bona year.

How deep is the cut-rate, Fourth Avenue, Up it,
up it retail, knock it down Fourth Avenue—
pour in, pour in—there is a junk yard
out back to put the cardboard box—
a reminder of your laying them out one
by one with newspaper shreds of your
ads and invoices not paid from the inky
printers who wish to fill up the fire-
places with mantels over them while I do
the poking in my own cauldron.

How deep is thy love in repairing the clatter
box and I have been up all night poking
in the pails (one voice) I was looking
under the curtains and finally let the
water fall and held back the rest.

How deep is thy love with a pause
and the wall says menopause.
Hey, there! Cook your breakfast,
I don't need to break a fast that
I never have had—so I won't have
anything this morning—I shall be
burned out—heat—radium—I shall
work it out with less eating and how
can I eat when I see the dog masticate?

How deep is thy love for setting before me this
clat-clat—with noisy t's and liquid
sounds and the r's rolling and autumn
almost here when I shall be alone (aut)

How deep is thy love and fall here at hand and
light houses will be bobbing up the North
Shore and down South at Scituate and I
have got it and I have never been to Provincetown
on the belle and have never been there period.

This is the time for Asian fever.
Have you been inoculated my school children?
Has the district nurse been around to see you?
You better see her before the alley cats howl
and that is why I shall eventually be taken away

because we all howl in the night that we haven't
admitted has become morning and after all I am in the
environs where people have the five-day work week.

Of course, they are still sleeping 10 o'clock
Saturday morning but to do that they have had
to sleep right along and I am going to get
Blaser on the trail and find out about these
cats before they take off—cats that will always
put one more up.

O' love how deep, keep up your cheshire grin (grin
and bear it—it's in the grain) to shake out
your dust mops this time in the morning
and whip your rugs (little harder lady—
not enough dust!)

O' love how deep says the hymnal and the Bird this
morning is at his best because I am at black and
white keys and this coloring (blacks and white aren't colors)
There is no symbolism to black and white keys—why
the machine is only a clatter board and there
can be no demarcation.

How deep is thy love to make me feel good
while I am penniless and I have to
return a bank book with small corporation
holdings that are no longer because it
will fold up soon by amber November
and I shall have Thanksgiving right
now and not then because I have got
the seasons in my hand

How deep is Thy Love for giving me the seasons prodded
by thy Reason and I could go right through
the seasons and never have any reason
(not to be confused with thinking)

How deep is thy love that I can pour myself out this
morning without resorting to the tape
recorder and now to the ribbon
again and the clatter board and I shall
pull out a quill when I don't want
noise in the refrains

How deep is thy love for all this morning is in
refrains—that refrain from running out to
the els and the cabinets (steamed and otherwise)
and you have refrained me from
my pratique cours—that sleep

Deep love for dipping bread in that heel—
the crust around—building a wall within
to keep down safe-crackers—safety

no longer.

How deep is thy love for making me jump
for I am the true Quaker and how can you quake
at the meeting house when you have reduced
all to the elements and can only use song to
make rationale mind confused—is that why
you want my songs because you hear
something announced that something is
around the corner—a footing—conspiracy
going on?

How deep is thy love for the pinned point ears to
hear that selected by someone observing in
his tower on the roof with a barking dog
and howling cats beneath and junk all about
(at the same time looking North from whence
the bard came)

How deep is thy love for bringing me North so that I
can look back on the wrecks of many hours wasted
on a double bed with counterparts but too
often alone and no image but only for
the telephone—hot activity on the wires.

How deep is thy love for bringing me North and letting
me once again walk around the bounds laid out by my
grandparents.

Deep is thy love for letting me pick up my bag of
crib notes to put in the autumn fires when
my fingers burn out of circulation.

Deep is thy love for dampness for I know on whom I
depend on these voices who have not yet
spoken and the mystic says if I would only
surrender—give up what—certainly
not property for I no longer have
that.

I throw my manuscript at your feet and I surrender all,
my Dear but God says that I must throw some more
of my conscience (pricks) at His son's feet if I
expect to be lifted high angel-wise and go by L's
lifted—archangels and lyres.

A little more surrender and you'll go everywhere
sure everywhere on the bear-skin rug.
—toted everywhere—the totem
poll not out of my ken.*

* poll is a beat, count, measure; so totem *poll* rather than totem *pole*.

How deep is thy love that I need not defend myself
as a tract once said because we can have this
love what more do we need?

Supposing we don't have the tape—the ribbon—No ribbon,
the quill and a blotter of course—and if you just
copy and no ink spots look on twice for there/is
no love here.

How deep is thy love for giving me the line to choke
and chalk up the streets that I shall run
through unbounded with the dog running ahead
in the alleys and the cats, if not
in heat—mauled.

How deep is thy love for not marring me—not holding
back the sound to be sounded and a sounding board—
O' xylophone at Christmastide
and the word going forth by thy tong that
I used to put sugar in my tea—
Lady, don't read the tea leaves.

This is the birth of the Savior and the fullness
of the GODHEAD IN TIME
Whitehead, whatever you think I know
if you have anything to say—say it in
time and I shall keep the beat while
you and Lord Russell keep your numbers independent
from decaying matter

How deep is thy love for the five-tone scale for the
Mass rising in the East and climaxing with the
Octave in the West after a completion of the hebdom-
adal week.

Today is Saturday and some are up—those who use
their backbone but most will be jelly fish
and you better get on your window
sills! jelly fish bowls;
Let the Sun fall through the big plant.

How deep is thy love for the octave 1 plus 7
and if I live to be eighty I can live longer
and that would not be contrary to the history of
my family.

But how deep is thy love for my eternity
because of my concern for thee
but never me for I am drawn
out of murk
like the rest but still for thee.

EDWARD H. MARSHALL

4-17-60

x is risen

dear roi

in vino veritas. cubby (selby, jr.) reminded me
the other day, that, once, drunkenly, i had told him
that my idea of writing was to create a piece out
of such deeply personal material told in such a
deeply personal manner, that only a few of those
who knew me, friends or soulmates or what-have-you,
would have a clue into it. of course, i suppose,
the hope would also be that it would go past this
point of departure to make for itself some kind
of air, so that it could, and would, be read, and
understood, by others. which is not to say that
that is, or should be, my concern, or that, equally,
only a selected few should be in on it. my concern
is, properly, and only, getting the damned thing down.

williams said, poetry the most difficult of the
arts. and i believe it/s so, tho i can be accused
of vesting my interests. but here we are, dealing
with a material which is consciously a part of all
our time. we talk language, we think in language,
and most of us dream in language. well, it/s true
all the other materials of art surround us constantly,
too, colors, sounds, textures, forms, what have
you, but the painter can tell you how many people
never see even when they look. and some people are
willing to be shown things. but nobody at all will
ever admit that he doesn't use the language, or,
that, today, you could use it to better effect.
differently, perhaps, but never better. further
complication: it/s barely possible to hear an
admission that the viewer might be at fault if the
painting fails to explain itself to him, whatever
that means, but if a poem isn't by edgar guest, the
guy says, well it may be pretty nice, but it aint
very clear, but that sure is a nice flair for words
you've got.

it/s not as bitter as that, and besides, i don't
care, like eve tanguy used to say, but it is the

biggest obstacle i find, how to get the words working for me in my terms. plus the time element... other guys haven't enough time for their work, i have too much. why? because i can't sit at a typewriter for more than an hour or two and still produce something i can use. this may be peculiar to me, after all, balzac put in his five hours a day; including sunday, i suppose.

oh yes, one more thing. i was once told i ought to write only for my peers. aside from all the obvious fights hidden in that statement, there's very damned little i have to write to tell you, or gil (sorrentino) or max (finstein) or bob (creeley), or any other writer i'd get close to. maybe a little for the painters, but i doubt that too. the people i want to talk to, e. g., my peers, talk to me, too. there is communication, take a tape of a saturday with you and me at your house, i would guess, broken down like this: 30% nostalgia (old movies, radio, school, sex) 30% sports (current and old) 20% gossip 10% jokes 5% the dozens 5% our business in life, writing the poem. but that's where the poems lay, in all that bullshit, and sometimes they come out, and that's all i know about it now. the wonder is, of course, not that there have been so many bad poets, but that there are so many good poems.

also to the point: paul goodman's answer to a broad at a party, why do you write? says he, because i can. because you know as well as i do that babel didn't stop writing the day he proclaimed himself 'the master of the genre of silence' -- what he did do was say he was sick and tired of the whole damn hassle, and the gurry, and was pulling out. from then on he wrote, i'm damned sure, but he wrote for the writing, and that was that. and you can't even say the world was the loser, but i think, maybe, he won, he finally broke thru.

so what we come to? either the poem exists and you have to discover it, or the poem doesn't exist and you have to construct it... or neither, if you don't care, or haven't the desperate need, or the

ability, to have one around you at all times. in the end, the methodologies aren't of much concern to me. you were there when don (allen) asked me what i thought characterized the difference between academic poems and poets, and what we've come to call contemporary poems and poets. and i stumbled around and fed off answers, but now i've come to think the only difference for me is that not once in my writing career have i read a poem by one of them that really and deeply moved, interested, intrigued, puzzled, warmed or anything else me. and i don't care to search further, because that's somethings else again, but not reading verse, like a lit course.

the poems and poets that do do these things for me i love and appreciate, or at least respect, and i'm deeply grateful for, say, david meltzer, even if he should stop writing tomorrow, because at least we have the raga for bela lugosi. or like miles said, what you want me to do, baby, climb up the fuckin wall.

and on top of it all i can't resist riding out talmudic like. because at the end of the list of blessings, one for every occasion possible to the mind of the pre-diaspora jew, is the one that says: blessed art thou oh.....who hast created beauty on this earth. every poem i know can stand as commentary around it.

yours

JOEL OPPENHEIMER

THE END

I am I, old Father Fisheye that begat the ocean, the worm at
my own ear, the serpent turning around a tree,
I sit in the mind of the oak and hide in the rose, I know if Any
wake up, none but my death,
come to me bodies, come to me prophecies, come all foreboding,
[come]

spirits and visions,
I receive all, I'll die of cancer, I enter the coffin forever, I
close my eye, I disappear,
I fall on myself in winter snow, I roll in a great wheel through
rain, I watch fuckers in convulsion,
car screech, furies groaning their basso music,
men imitating dogs, memory fading in the brain,
I delight in a woman's belly, youth stretching his breasts and
thighs to sex, the cock sprung inward
gassing its seed on the lips of Yin, the beasts dance in Siam, they
sing opera in Moscow,
my boys yearn at dusk on stoops, I enter New York, I play my
[jazz]
on a Chicago harpsichord,
Love that bore me I bear back to my Origin with no loss, I float
over the vomiter
thrilled with my deathlessness, thrilled with this endlessness I
dice and bury,
come Poet shut up eat my Word, and taste my mouth in your ear.

NY 1960

ALLEN GINSBERG



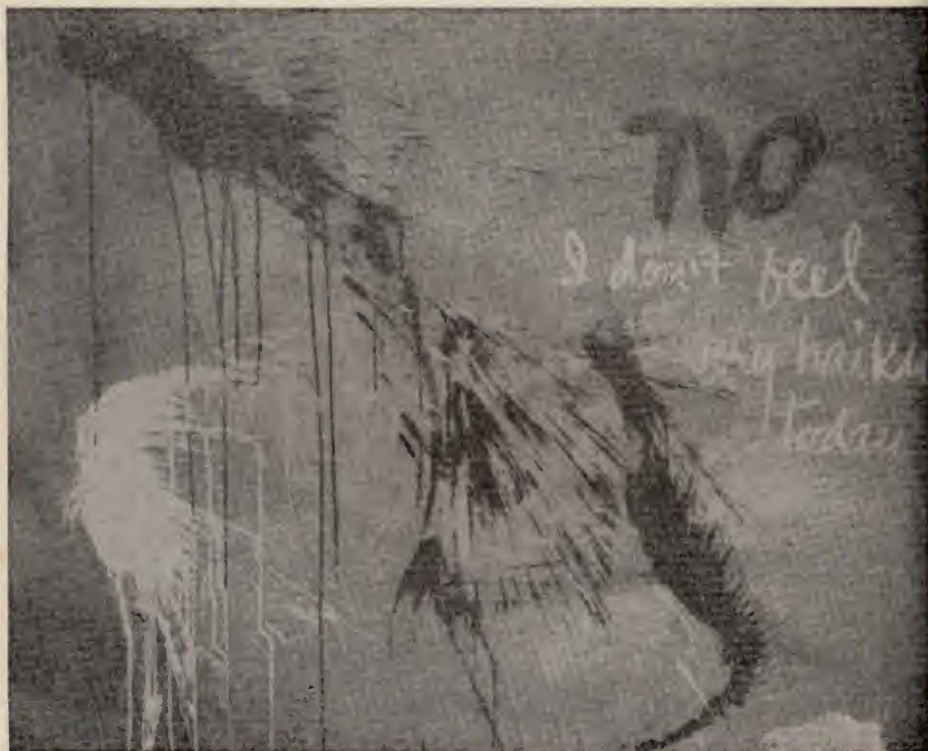
PUBLIC NOTICE

The following persons will kindly report to Pier 9 New York City, on or about March 5, 1961, for the purpose of being shipped directly to the dark continent (in order that you might help those yng countries who are underdeveloped literarily . . . Yugen has generously donated your services, indefinitely).

J. V. Cunningham, Marius Bewley, Hy Sobiloff, James Dickey, Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Trilling, Hyam Plutzik(sic), Donald Justice, John Updike, The Yale Series of Recorded Poets, J. F. Nims, Gen. M. D. Taylor. (More names supplied on request.)

Kindly report to the gentleman pictured above. Thank you

THE EDITORS



NEW CONTRIBUTORS

BRUCE BOYD has a San Francisco address at the moment. He had lived for a time in Venice West. He has published in the Evergreen Review, Ark II, Moby I, Donald Allen's *The New American Poetry*. If Yugen appears a few more times more of his work appear. GEORGE STANLEY is presently camping in New York. He is a former resident of San Francisco and published a book of verse there, *The Love Root* (White Rabbit). More of his work will appear, &c., if, &c. STUART PERKOFF is also Venice West and San Francisco. His book *The Suicide Room*, which appeared some years ago, was published by Jonathan Williams' Jargon. JOHN ASHBERY has appeared in Poetry, Big Table, The Evergreen Review &c., and his volume *Some Trees* was chosen by W. H. Auden in 1956 for inclusion in The Yale Series Of Ynger Poets. Mr. Ashbery is living in Paris. The drawing beneath this commentary was done by Norman Bluhm, the literary denouement by Frank O'Hara. The vignette does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors.

The Cover was done especially for this issue by Mr. Bluhm. He is hung most frequently in the Leo Castelli gallery, NYC.

ADDENDA

The first three books of *The Maximus Poems* have been published (Jargon/Corinth) in one volume. Jargon has also brought forth two more excellent volumes, *On My Eyes* by Larry Eigner and Gilbert Sorrentino's *The Darkness Surrounds Us*. Daisy Aldan's *New Folder* is now in paperback w/photos of a good many of the contributors. They include Allen Ginsberg, Kenneth Koch, Franz Kline, Larry Rivers y mas.

NOTICE

If Yugen is to appear again we must have some financial assistance. We don't want to come on like The March Of Dimes but we are in desperate need. \$500.00 wd promote 2 possibly 3 more issues.

